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# Luck Did It

By RUTH GRAHAM

Johnny O'Neil and Kitty Bowers were two young things who loved each other and wished to marry. But Johnny, who was but twenty years old, had nothing laid up, and Kitty's father didn't purpose to support his daughter and her husband too. So he forbade the match. Philip Bowers was a farmer who prided himself on having made himself comfortable by hard work and good judgment.

"You've got to begin," he said to his would-be son-in-law, "the way I began. I was a farm hand, and of every dollar I earned I saved a half. When I got a small lump together I loaned it at a big interest till I'd got enough together to buy this farm, part cash and part mortgage. I had to live close to pay the mortgage, but I did it, and now I'm prosperous."

"Didn't luck have anything to do with it?" asked Johnny.

"Not a bit. Never had any luck in my life. What I've got I've made in spite of luck."

Johnny asked Kit to meet him out on a projecting corner of her father's farm to talk matters over. They chose this spot because it was far from the house and they were not liable to interruption there. It was an unproductive piece of ground that had been tacked on to the farm in order to sell it.

Johnny and Kit looked at the situation and saw no comfort in it. John had no one to help him, and Kit knew her father too well to expect any help from him.

There was not \$20 to be scraped together between the two. Kit said she would wait, but John, who was an impatient fellow, didn't wish to wait. He said that to go about the problem of life as Mr. Bowers proposed would be impossible to a man of his disposition. He told Kit that he would go out into the world and do what he could. She could wait for him or not, as she chose. If he had any luck he would come back and claim her; if not, she might marry some one else in case she got a good offer.

Kit bade him goodbye with streaming eyes and went home, while he stood looking after her. When she reached a point where she would pass from his view she turned, threw him a kiss, which he returned, and then she disappeared.

The only consolation Johnny had was his pipe. He took it out of his pocket, filled it and sat down on the ground for a smoke. It was one of those warm sultry days that sometimes come just before the collapse of summer. Johnny sank lower and lower on the ground till at last he was sprawled at full length. Then he turned on his side with his nose not two inches above the earth.

"Some one," he said to himself, "must have spilled kerosene here. I can smell it." He put his nose flat down on the surface and sniffed. The odor was unmistakable. He moved a short distance, sniffed again and got the same odor. After testing several locations he found that the odor was strongest where he had first smelled it, but it was so scattered that it could not have come from the overturning of a can of kerosene. Johnny had discovered coal oil on Mr. Bower's ground.

That night he returned with a spade and dug a hole where he had first detected the odor. The deeper he dug the more perceptible the odor. When he was satisfied he filled the hole, obliterated the marks of it and went away.

A few days later Farmer Griggs, owning land adjoining the Bowers farm, dickered with Bowers for the corner of the farm on which John and Kitty had parted and bought it for a song. It was decided to Griggs, who decided it to John O'Neil and a man he had induced to advance the money for its purchase. One morning Mr. Bowers saw preparations for boring on the property he had sold. He was much interested. All day he could hear the noise of the boring. Then there was a stopping of the work for two months, at the end of which time it was recommenced. After several of these stops, covering a period of nearly a year, Mr. Bowers heard something that astonished him. Rushing out to where the men were boring, he saw a stream of oil shooting up toward the sky.

Bowers was much disgruntled that some one had discovered oil on his property and had got it from him for a paltry sum. He tried to find out who were the lucky parties, but failed. Meanwhile the Eagle Oil company was organized, but the well was soon sold out to the Universal Oil company and was merged into its extensive properties.

One day Johnny O'Neil appeared at the Bowers farm dressed in city clothes and with all appearance of prosperity. Indeed, he drove up in a \$7,500 automobile. He said he came for Kitty and after a showing of his assets to her father had no difficulty in getting her. Just before the young man's departure Mr. Bowers asked:

"How did you do it, Johnny?"

"Luck," replied Johnny as he was whirled away.

After Johnny and Kit were married Mr. Bowers made another attempt to discover how Johnny had made his fortune. He received no more explicit reply than before. John knew the old man would never forgive him for getting the better of him.

## THE VEILED PROPHET.

Was Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages, Duping His Followers by the Art of Jugglery.

The celebrated "Veiled Prophet" of history was a Moslem fanatic whose real name was Haken Ibn Hashem. He was born about the middle of the eighth century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages. He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the "living God" and, being very proficient in jugglery (which the ignorant mistook for the power to work miracles), soon drew an immense number of followers around him. He always wore a gold mask, claiming that he did so to protect the mortals of this earth, who, he said, could not look upon his face and live.

At last, after thousands had quitted the city and even left the employ of the Caliph al Mohdi to join the fanatical movement, an army was sent against the "Veiled Prophet," forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at Keh, north of the Oxus. Finally, when ultimate defeat was certain, the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into the flames, being entirely consumed, except his hair, which was kept in a museum at Bagdad until the time of the crusades. He promised his faithful followers that he would reappear to them in the future dressed in white and riding a white horse.

## WANTED HIS PAY.

The Husky Jamaican Didn't Care to Work For Nothing.

An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitts, one of the British West India Islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf, but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work.

A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Some years ago a hurricane devastated the island, and a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States. The committee having charge of this fund sent a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of odds and ends.

"What's that fur?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground.

"That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything."

"Who's goin' to build mah house?"

"You are, if anybody does."

"Who's goin' to pay me fur mah work?"—Waynesboro Record.

## An Old Garret on a Stormy Day.

I know no nobler forge ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters and dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts, are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of a rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no "company" in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crochety old uncle or grandma, with their everlasting "Boys, boys!" and then a look of horror.—Donald G. Mitchell.

## Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a year" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."—London Standard.

## Sure on One Point.

"Do you believe that great wealth has a tendency to keep a man out of heaven?" queried the party who was addicted to the conundrum habit.

"I am not prepared to express an opinion on that subject," answered the student of human nature, "but I know that great wealth has kept many a man out of the penitentiary."—Chicago News.

## Mark Twain's Definitions.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock.

"What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

## Stuttered Out the Child's Name.

Plannery—It seems his full name is Dinns K. K. Casey. What's all thim K's fur? Finnegan—Nothin'.

'Twas the fault of his godfather stut-terin' whin he tried to say "Dinns Casey."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sooner or later the world comes around to see the truth and do the right.—Hulard.

## A Man In a Million

By M. QUAD

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Joseph Skater was in the lightning rod business. He could talk lightning for half an hour with only four intervals for breath.

When Mr. Slater got the job of rodding a building he proceeded to cheat and lie. He would cheat as to the amount of the material used, and he would lie about the protection that might be expected. He started in a poor man, and he got rich by lying and cheating. Never for a moment did his conscience trouble him. He sang as he drove his wagon around the country, and he whistled as he worked away on the roof of house or barn.

On one of his happy jaunts around the country Mr. Skater discovered a widow. He discovered forty of them, for that matter, but this was a particular widow. She wasn't so very old, but she was so homely as to be startling. He had seen tens of thousands of women, but never one to compete with the Widow Allbright. She knew she was homely, and she owned up to it, and that was also something Mr. Skater had never heard of before. She had a daughter eight years old, and the girl was even homelier than the mother.

"How did your husband come to marry you?" asked the lightning man in a voice tinged with sympathy.

"He was a little bit daft from birth," was the reply.

"You have a very tidy little farm here?"

"Yes. Widowers and old bachelors come and look the farm over, but when they come to see me and Anna they hurry away."

"Mrs. Allbright, I shall take your case under advisement. You are not to blame for your looks. The homely people ought to have a fair deal. I shall try to get you one."

It was curious that such a selfish man as Mr. Skater should think of the interests of any one else, but as he went his way the matter bothered him. He kept thinking and thinking, and it was two weeks before he came that way again and said:

"Widow, you have a creek on your farm. It rises from a spring in a marsh. You know what petroleum is, of course. Petroleum is going to be found in the marsh and creek."

"But I have never seen any there," she replied.

"Because the psychological moment had not arrived. It will arrive in three or four days. Three or four days later than that men will arrive—various sorts of men. Would you care for riches?"

"No-o-o. You want some one to love you and call you pet names, eh? Just want to stay right here and take comfort? A wise decision."

"I didn't say I wanted to get married again," protested the widow.

"No, no, but none of us can afford to miss a good thing in this world. Love is greater than riches. Mrs. Allbright, you may be offered \$5,000 for this farm, which is worth about \$2,000."

"Then I'll take it."

"Then don't you do anything of the kind. There will be an offer of marriage. What you want to do is to accept that. You want to be petted. That girl wants a father. A husband and father is worth more than \$5,000. No sale, remember. A husband or nothing."

"But ac-y is the petroleum going to get into the spring?" was asked.

"Widow, there are many mysterious things connected with the lightning rod business. This is one of them. The petroleum will appear in good time. So will the men. So shall I. One day nature sends us a thunderstorm; the next day it is a hurricane; the next she causes the earth to quake and pour out petroleum. It is for us poor mortals to take advantage of such things when possible."

The petroleum appeared on the creek. It was sniffed and sighted by a traveler where it crossed the highway. In two days thirty men were sniffing and following the creek to its source. They called at the house. All the widow could say was that the petroleum had suddenly appeared. Those thirty men looked at the widow and her child and turned away. Then they turned back to make offers to lease the farm, to buy it outright, to drill for oil on royalty. No enthusiasm on the part of the widow. She didn't care for money.

The "find" was announced in the papers, and the thirty men became fifty. There were gushers gushing 1,000 barrels of oil per day into fifty miles away. The widow was offered as high as \$10,000 cash for the farm, but she shook her head. Men were going and coming when Mr. Skater drove up with one seated beside him. They went up to the spring, heard the talk and then entered the house. The man started back at sight of the widow, but recovered a moment later. An offer of \$15,000 had just been made for the farm. Mr. Skater left the couple alone for an hour. Then he was asked to gallop his horses for a preacher, and there were a marriage ceremony and a scattering of disappointed speculators.

No, the petroleum didn't last over two weeks, but then the widow was as good as she was homely, and you can't get a divorce in any state in the Union just because you got married in a hurry to become the owner of a petroleum ranch.

## A GROTESQUE BIRD.

Remarkable Assortment of Colors and Peculiar Shaped Beak of the Brazilian Toucan.

The very peculiar looking Brazilian bird, the toucan, has a body about as big as that of a good sized parrot, but its beak is very different and easily its dominant feature, though this bird is by no means lacking in bright and striking colors. The toucan's beak is half as long as its body, and it is broad and thin and set on edge vertically, shaped something like a blunted scythe, with the slightly curving, rounded edge on top and ending with a hook point turned downward—a remarkable beak in size and shape—and this beak is tinted with a remarkable assortment of colors, purple and red and green and yellow, while around the beak at the head runs a line of black.

The eyes of the toucan are surrounded by circles of a bright light blue, and on its breast, regularly outlined, is a broad and deep expanse of bright yellow in size and shape in proportion to the bird about the same as the generous expanse of shirt front shown by a man in evening dress with his waistcoat cut low and well rounded out at the bottom, this show of yellow being edged with a red line. The toucan's body for the bulk of it is black or a very deep blue black, but around at the base of the tail run two bands of color, one red and one white.

It is not a song bird. It is sold as a pet, not for children, but to adults, and it is more often fancied by men than by women. It takes \$25 to \$50 to buy a toucan.—New York Sun.

## ROD AND LINE WON.

Contest Between a Strong Swimmer and an Expert Angler.

A novel contest took place some time ago at the Edinburgh corporation baths between one of the strongest swimmers in Scotland and a well known angler. The contest occurred in a pool eighty feet long and forty feet wide.

The angler was furnished with an eleven foot trolling rod and an undressed silk line. The line was fixed to a girth belt, made expressly for the purpose, by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer at the point where he had the greatest pulling power.

In the first trial the line snapped. In the second the angler gave and played without altogether slackening line, and several porpoise dives were well handled. The swimmer then tried corner swimming from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the match ending with a victory for the rod and line.

Another contest took place in which the angler employed a very light trout-rod ten feet long and weighing only six and one-half ounces, the line being the same as that used with the trolling rod. The swimmer, whose aim evidently was to smash the rod, pulled and leaped into the water. He was held steadily, however, and in about five minutes was forced to give in. The rod was again successful. At the finish both competitors were almost exhausted.

## Want Their Children Thieves.

The Kakha Khels, a tribe that inhabits the country of the Khyber pass in northern India, are thieves and consider thieving a most honorable occupation. A young woman of the Kakha Khel will not look at a young man who would like to become her husband unless he is proficient in the art. The dearest wish of a mother is that her little boy may become a cunning thief. Every child is consecrated, as it were, at its birth to crime. A hole is made in the wall similar to that made by a burglar, and the mother passes the infant backward and forward through the hole, singing in its ear: "Be a thief! Be a thief! Be a thief!" They are probably the only tribe in India who glorify peculation and raise it to the dignity of a regular calling.—Christian Herald.

## Jenny Lind as a Child.

Jenny Lind as a child of three years was the lark of her parents' house. As a girl of nine she attracted the attention of all lovers of music and entered the Stockholm conservatory as a pupil. Her continuous studies at so tender an age caused the sudden loss of her voice, and for four full years she pursued her theoretical and technical studies, when suddenly the full sweet sounds came back, to the delight, as every one knows, of thousands for many years.

## To Show It Off.

"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health." "How's that?" "There's nothing like it to encourage long promenades in the park."—Flegende Blatter.

## Another Version.

The latest rendering of the Burns lines, "Oh, wad some power," etc., is given in a London evening paper thus: "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see some folk before they see us."

## Parental Blunder.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the flashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to the name."—Chicago Tribune.

## Happier Days.

"My poor fellow, were you always a tramp?" "No, mum. Once I wuz known as a man about town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.